*I LOVE THE WEST VILLAGE*

Ding Ding Ding Ding!

The love at the west village is deep, it’s so deep it makes me weep.

Sometimes they make me sweep even though I want to sleep.

Even though I am tired, lunch inspires me to eat. I go to the gym to get fit; I want to look lean and lit.

My space is my space, and it should be respected.

At the west village we have fun, I sit with my Hun who is young.

When I visit the snack cart, my wallet gets lighter, but my stomach gets tighter.

When Nannette is in the kitchen, she makes chicken that is tasty and delicious, it makes me hungry and eat vicious.

When I go on an outing with my peers, we all cheer but only a few volunteer.

It is all better when Andres is here and even better when Denise is near.

When it’s time to go home we all say shalom even if we don’t want to go home.

What a wonderful day at the west village.